
Title: The Great Observation

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Living within the
wilderness of my small
hamlet, Yew, I come to
find as the years pass
that things change.

The Orcs have taken
over in recent years.
There are some children
in the village who cannot
remember when Yew was
not underneath the
bootheel of their
chieftan. They do not
know a time of no
tributes. They know not
of a time when a howl in
the night was never
heard. They do not know
peace.

Yet, strangely, though I
hate them with every
fiber of my being, I have
come to respect them.
Seeing their bizarre
culture has made me
question even the Virtues
set by Lord British. Are
the Orcs, as a race, so
evil as they are made
out to be? From children
we are taught that they
are monsters. But nay, I
beg to differ after
observing this society of
a struggling nation.

I was held captive for
six months and five days
by them. I had assisted a
family in going into hiding,
because they could not
pay the tribute set by
the Orc chief.

They said I was to be
"sacwificed tu da Bludgod
et dawn". I have come to
understand, after
observing them while
captive, that they are

actually as intelligent, if
not more so, than man.
Their dialect is so
muddled chiefly because of
the huge protruding tusks
in their maw, not
stupidity as we all
assume. Truly, I have
witnessed cunning
strategies employed
countless times to
counter attacks made on
them during my stay.
Lured by the promise of
riches within their
fortresses, many bands of
mercenary's were
slaughtered, surprised at
the dark figures rushing
them from all sides. I
have come to see the
honor they hold within
themselves, an honor as
native to them as is
their culture. I have
noticed that Orcs are
very brave, despite
popular opinion. They
stand their ground against
an army of paladin's, even
if they are outnumbered
drastically. I have seen
bands of so called
'knights' try and attack
the Orcs, only to flee
when two or three fall in
battle.

At this, I began to
question to myself, are
the Orcs the oppressors
of man? Or is man the
oppressors of the Orcs?

Their shamans tell the
runts at night about a
time before "humies". A
time when they did not
have to hide from roving
bands of them. A time
when "Slay the beast!"
was not heard anywhere.
It was a time when their
ancient lands were theirs.
So, truly, in our blind
arrogance and pride, have
we really been the
oppressors all along? Have
we been so blind in our
self-righteousness as to

not see what we are
doing? A misunderstood
culture is what the Orcs
are. I believe a treaty
can be forged with them,
though if any of my
peers heard this, I would
be hung as a traitor. And
so, the war will continue.
How long? I do not know.
In any case, I can only
hope a link does grow
between these rival
cultures eventually. Then
again, it could be
thousands of years before
they stop fighting. I am
tightening the noose
around my neck, now. In
my despair I find that
my people are nothing
more than oppressive
bigots. I will not be apart
of such a nation.

I can only reflect upon
my own ignorance in the
past, and be grateful
that I have found the
truth. Goodbye.

-Samuel Parker